DAREDEVIL®
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR™

MARVEL COMICS

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DAREDEVIL® THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR™

The first question that should pop into your mind is... "Where's the traditional splash page, the typical legend, and all the usual ads?" We have two answers to this question. DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR was originally a graphic novel. When it was broken down into five issues, issue #2 ended up a full 32 page issue--no splash page, no legend, and no ads. We think you'll like it this way.

What was our second reason? This book has a simple beauty that breaks the traditional, the typical, and the usual. Dig in.

Ralph & Pat

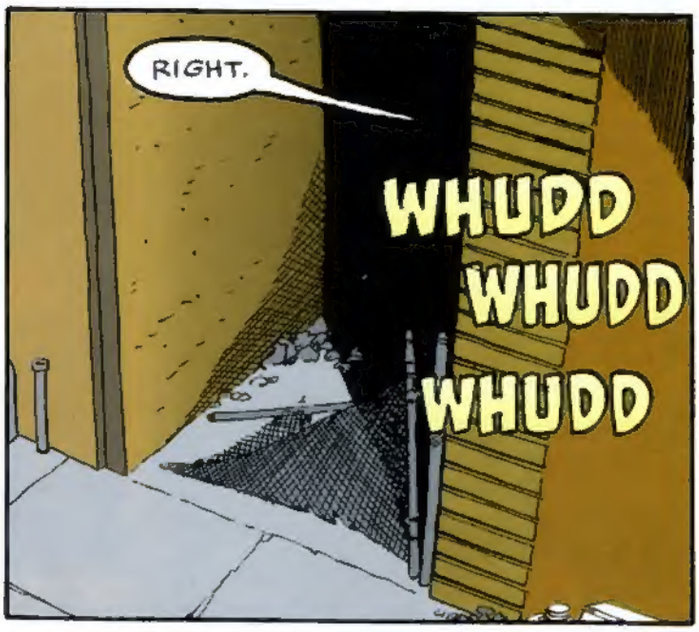
WHAT HAS GONE ON BEFORE:

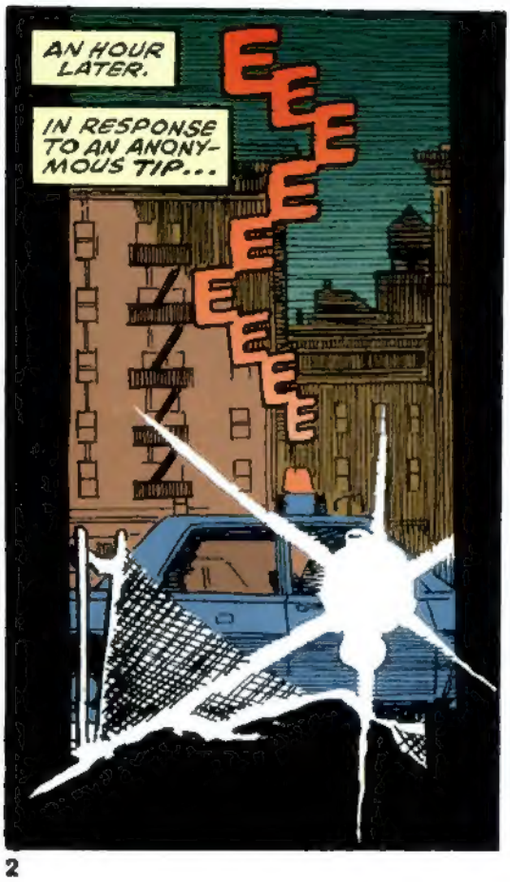
Young Matthew Murdock, ridiculed by other children for his passive behavior, acts heroically to save the life of a blind man– caught in the path of an oncoming truck carrying radioactive material. The accident leaves him sightless, but, miraculously, his other senses are dramatically enhanced. A man called Stick secretly cultivates Matt's remaining senses and trains him body and mind for a singular destiny. But fate throws another obstacle in Matt's path when his father, boxer Battlin' Jack Murdock, is murdered by a criminal known as the Fixer, for refusing to throw a fight. Matt now undergoes the gut-wrenching task of identifying his father's body.

AT THE MORGUE, AFTER MATT IS FINISHED PLAYING DUMB TO THE COPS, PRETENDING HE DOESN'T KNOW THE WHO OR WHY OF HIS FATHER'S DEATH--
--THE CORONER LETS MATT TOUCH THE CORPSE.
IT'S COLD. ICY COLD.
BUT NOT AS COLD AS THE THING THAT GROWS IN MATT'S BELLY.
HE SPIED ON HIS FATHER. HE KNOWS WHAT JACK MURDOCK DID TO PROTECT AND PROVIDE FOR HIS SON.
AND HE KNOWS THE SMELLS AND SOUNDS OF THE KILLERS.
AND HE KNOWS THEIR NAMES.
McHALE.
GILLIAN.
THE FIRST TWO.
LIQUOR
HORAN
HORAN LIQUORS
SO I TOLD THAT DAME...
...I TOLD HER GOOD...
...HEY PASS IT OVER, WILL YOU?
GLUB
TAP
TAP
TAP
TAP
DRINK UP, BOYS. IT'LL HELP WITH THE PAIN.
WHAT THE HELL?
WHO'S DUMB ENOUGH TO MESS WITH US?

SOMEBODY WITH NOTHING TO LOSE.
SOMEBODY DEAD.
Smikk
YOU'RE DEAD ALL RIGHT, PAL.
KASHH

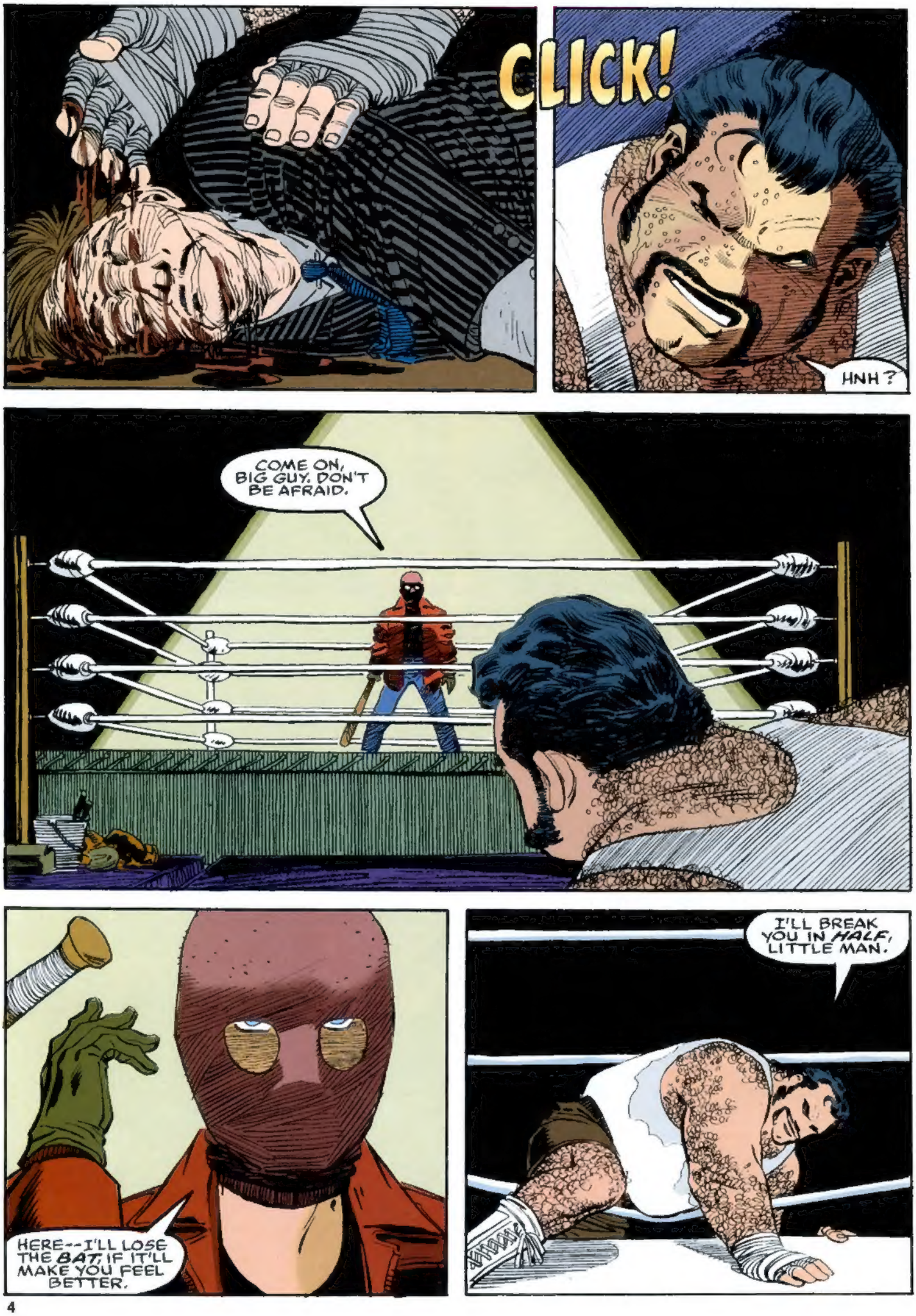
DARK IN THERE-- I CAN'T SEE--
WELL THEN, NEITHER CAN HE, RIGHT?


RIGHT.
WHUDD
WHUDD
WHUDD


AN HOUR LATER.
IN RESPONSE TO AN ANONYMOUS TIP...
EEEEEEEEEE

MURDOCK...
IT WAS JACK MURDOCK...
WE KILLED HIM BUT HE'S BACK...

IN THE GYM.
THE NEXT TWO.
THE BIG ONE--SLADE--
--WHOSE FISTS SPLINTERED JACK MURDOCK'S JAW AND RIBS--
--SLADE--
--AND SLICK LITTLE MARCELLO, WHO LAUGHED AS HE CARVED UP MURDOCK'S FACE.
ALL MATT HAS TO DO IS THROW A CIRCUIT BREAKER--
--AND THEY'RE AS BLIND AS HE IS.
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE LIGHTS?
I CAN'T STAND IT WHEN IT'S DARK...
AW, MARCELLO, YOU WIMP--
WHUDD WHUDD
WHAT THE HELL--
MARCELLO--WHERE ARE Y--OOF!


CLICK!
HNH?
COME ON, BIG GUY. DON'T BE AFRAID.
HERE--I'LL LOSE THE *BAT* IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER.
I'LL BREAK YOU IN *HALF*, LITTLE MAN.

HE LOOMS OVER MATT, SMUG, EAGER, CHUCKLING.
MATT THINKS OF RECESS--OF A HUNDRED BEATINGS AND ENDLESS GIGGLES AND TAUNTS.
HE THINKS OF TAKING IT AND TAKING IT AND TAKING IT--
--AND THE RAGE OF YEARS BECOMES A LIGHTNING BOLT THAT TRAVELS FROM SHOULDER TO HIP TO FOOT--
--AND HE RELEASES IT.
AAAG
KRA KK

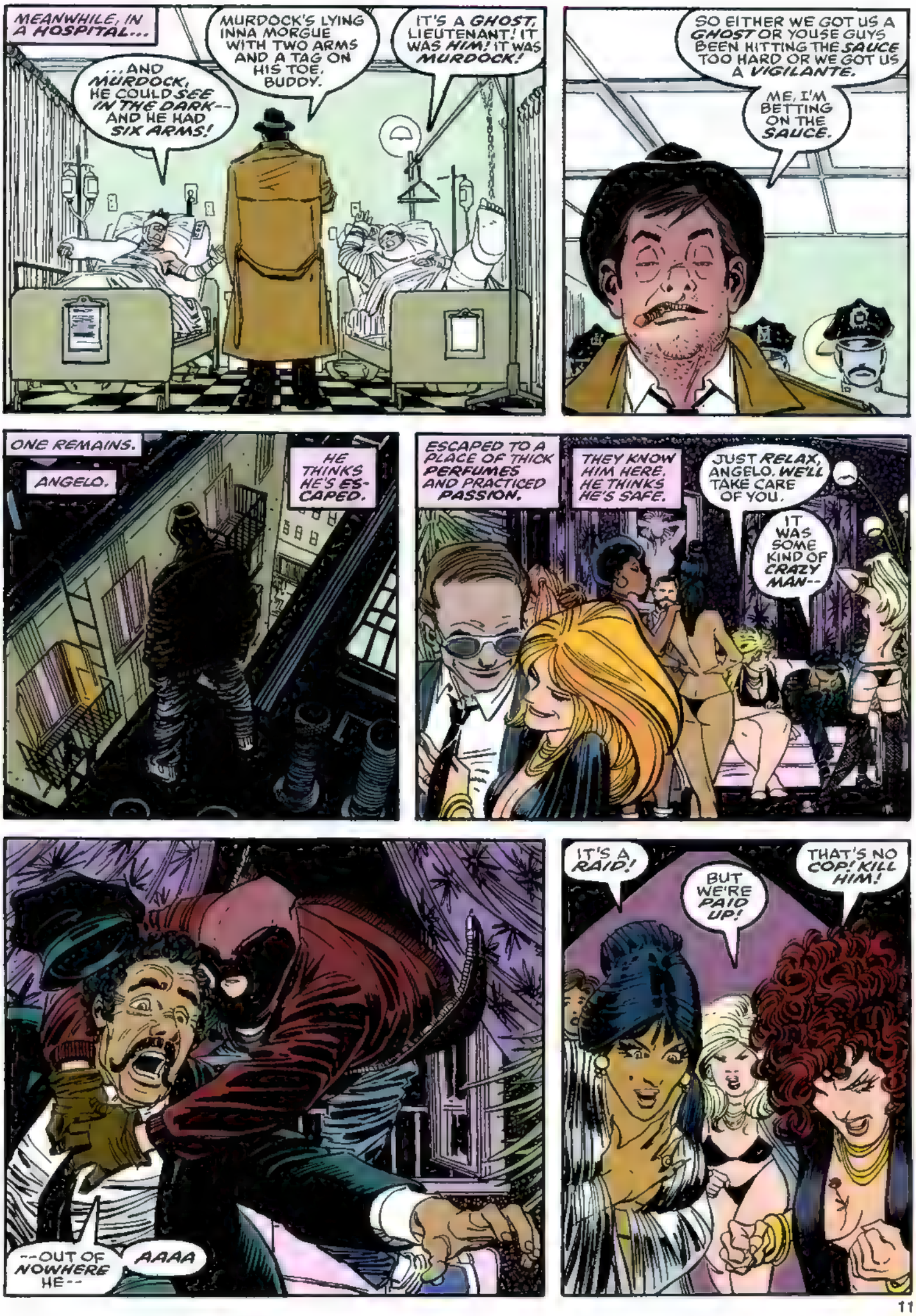
MATT LISTENS TO SLADE'S SUDDEN, FRANTIC BREATHING.
HE TASTES FRESH BLOOD STRIKE THE AIR.
HE SMELLS THE PANIC IN THE BIG MAN'S SWEAT.
KHAFF
HE SLIDES A ROLL OF PENNIES TO HIS FIST.
KUGG
KUGG
KUGG
GLAGGG

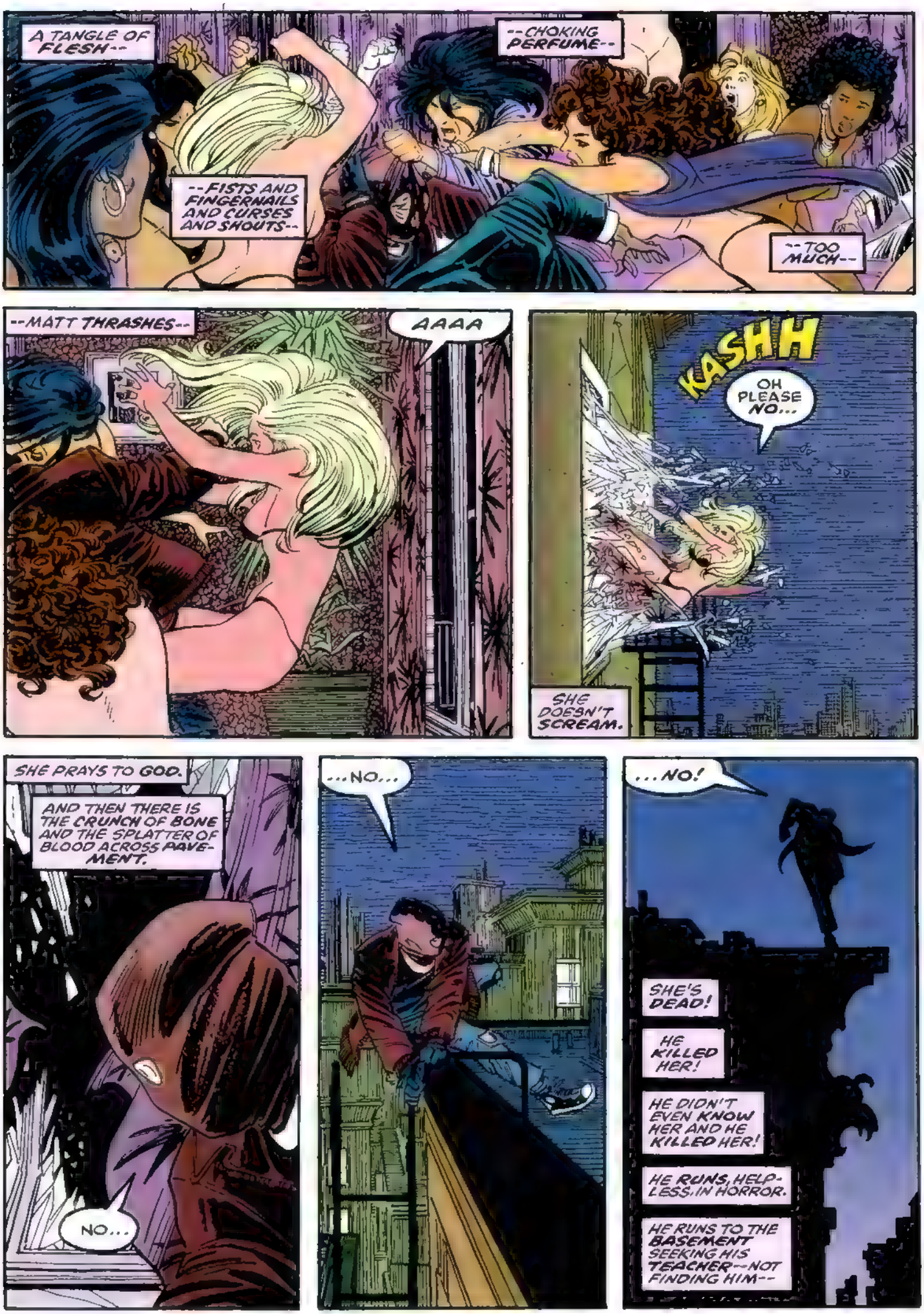
AT THE DOOR--SUDDEN RASPY INTAKE OF BREATH TO LUNGS THAT ARE WEAK FROM DECADES OF ABUSE.
AND THE SCENT OF TOBACCO MIXED WITH EXPENSIVE AFTER-SHAVE.
THE FIXER.
LET HIM RUN--
KRUKK
--UNTIL MATT'S FINISHED TURNING RIBS INTO BROKEN, JAGGED THINGS...
...NOW--PICK UP THE SOUNDS--
--CLATTER OF FLEEING FOOTSTEPS--
--AWKWARD, PAINFUL SUCKING OF AIR--
--A POUNDING, POUNDING HEART--
GYM
ANGELO! GET US OUT OF HERE! NOW!
SCREEEE
ANGELO.
AND THE FIXER.
THE LAST TWO.

SO EASY TO TRACK THE LIMO'S ENGINE AND THE FIXER'S UNCONTROLLA-BLE COUGHING.
SO EASY. STICK TAUGHT HIM WELL.
STICK.
HE'LL HATE ME FOR THIS, MATT THINKS.
AND FOR A MOMENT MATT CARES ABOUT THIS.
THEN THE COLD PART OF HIM TAKES OVER AGAIN.
THUMP
THUMP

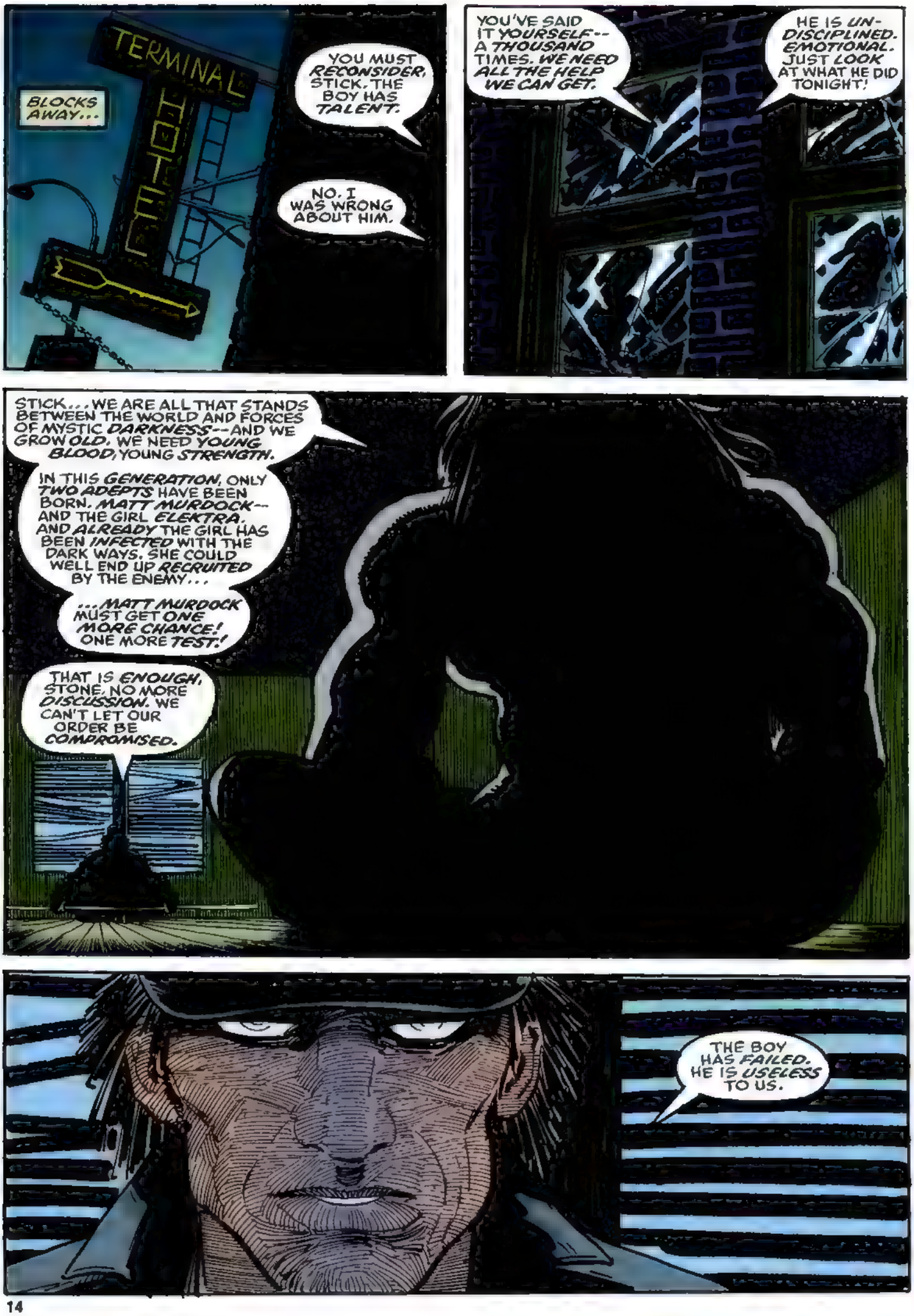
KRESHH
YAAA
KUMP
SUBWAY
MATT'S SKULL STRIKES PAVEMENT--
--A LOST MOMENT--
--THEN THE FOOTSTEPS.
HEADING TO THE SUBWAY.
MATT IGNORES THE DIZZINESS AND THE STICKY SALTY TASTE OF HIS OWN BLOOD--
--AND FOLLOWS THE FIXER'S HEARTBEAT--
--IT'S SO FAST-- SO WEAK--
--AND HE'S COUGHING AGAIN--
--THEN A HORRID HORN BLAST AND AN UNHOLY ROAR-- A TRAIN--
--DEAFENING--
--DEAFENING--

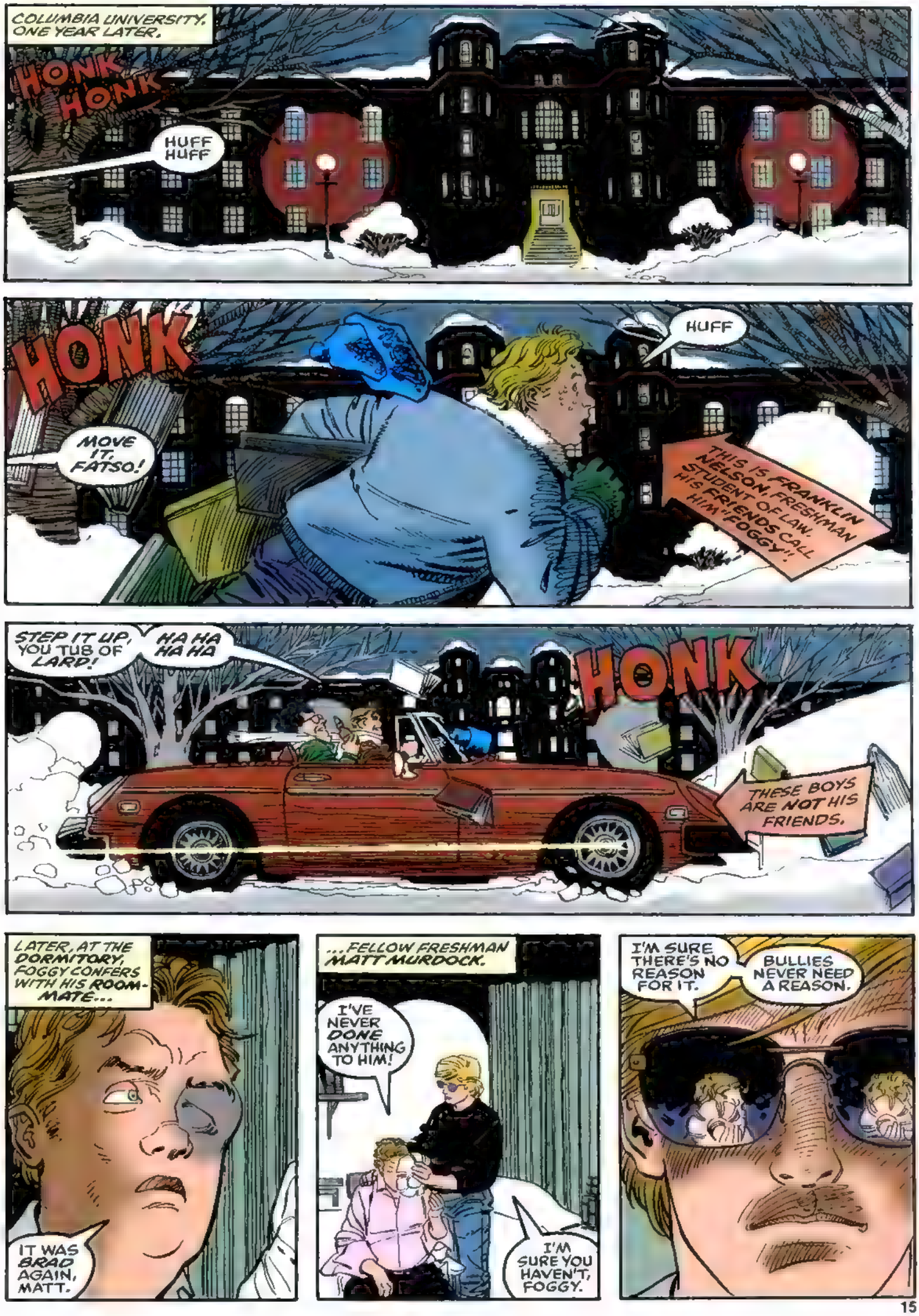
--DEAFENING--
--MATT CAN ONLY STRAIN TO KEEP HIS FEET BENEATH HIM UNTIL IT PASSES...
...THEN--A SOUND MADE OF OIL AND STEEL--
--A REVOLVER, COCKED--
--AND THAT BREATHING--THAT HEART-BEAT--
--THAT HEARTBEAT--
--POUNDING--
--FLUTTERING--
--STOPPING--
THE FIXER SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR WITH A SIGH AND BREATHES HIS LAST PATHETIC BREATH AND MATT IS ALONE IN THE STATION.
ALONE, BUT NOT FINISHED.
ONE REMAINS.
ANGELO.


MEANWHILE, IN A HOSPITAL...
...AND MURDOCK, HE COULD SEE IN THE DARK-- AND HE HAD SIX ARMS!
MURDOCK'S LYING INNA MORGUE WITH TWO ARMS AND A TAG ON HIS TOE, BUDDY.
IT'S A GHOST, LIEUTENANT! IT WAS HIM! IT WAS MURDOCK!
SO EITHER WE GOT US A GHOST OR YOUSE GUYS BEEN HITTING THE SAUCE TOO HARD OR WE GOT US A VIGILANTE.
ME, I'M BETTING ON THE SAUCE.
ONE REMAINS.
ANGELO.
HE THINKS HE'S ES-CAPED.
ESCAPED TO A PLACE OF THICK PERFUMES AND PRACTICED PASSION.
THEY KNOW HIM HERE. HE THINKS HE'S SAFE.
JUST RELAX, ANGELO. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
IT WAS SOME KIND OF CRAZY MAN--
--OUT OF NOWHERE HE--
AAAA
IT'S A RAID!
BUT WE'RE PAID UP!
THAT'S NO COP! KILL HIM!

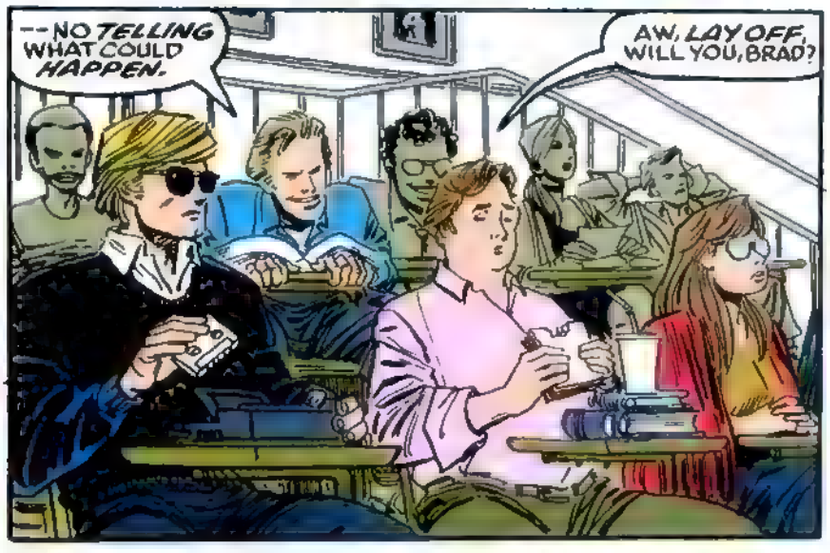

A TANGLE OF FLESH--
--FISTS AND FINGERNAILS AND CURSES AND SHOUTS--
--CHOKING PERFUME--
--TOO MUCH--
--MATT THRASHES--
AAAA
KASHH
OH PLEASE NO...
SHE DOESN'T SCREAM.
SHE PRAYS TO GOD.
AND THEN THERE IS THE CRUNCH OF BONE AND THE SPLATTER OF BLOOD ACROSS PAVEMENT.
NO...
...NO...
...NO!
SHE'S DEAD!
HE KILLED HER!
HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HER AND HE KILLED HER!
HE RUNS, HELPLESS, IN HORROR.
HE RUNS TO THE BASEMENT SEEKING HIS TEACHER--NOT FINDING HIM--

--HE RUNS TO THE GYM-- HE SCREAMS THE NAME--
STICK!
STICK!
HE SCREAMS UNTIL HIS VOICE IS HOARSE AND CROAKING AND HIS THROAT IS FULL OF SAND.
STICK...
BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER.
STICK...

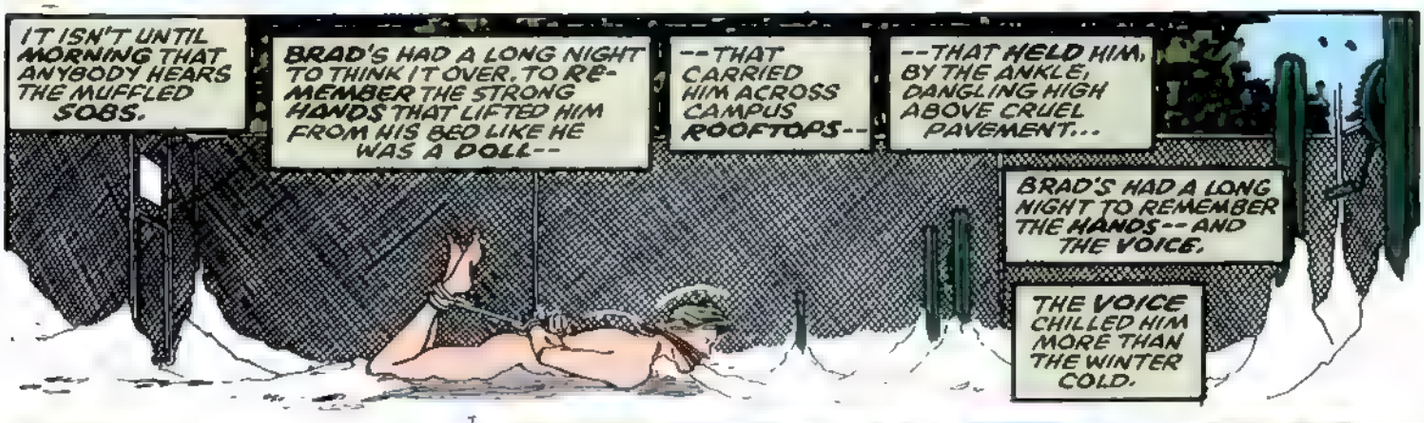

TERMINAL HOTEL
BLOCKS AWAY...
YOU MUST RECONSIDER, STICK. THE BOY HAS TALENT.
NO. I WAS WRONG ABOUT HIM.
YOU'VE SAID IT YOURSELF-- A THOUSAND TIMES. WE NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET.
HE IS UN-DISCIPLINED. EMOTIONAL. JUST LOOK AT WHAT HE DID TONIGHT!
STICK... WE ARE ALL THAT STANDS BETWEEN THE WORLD AND FORCES OF MYSTIC DARKNESS--AND WE GROW OLD. WE NEED YOUNG BLOOD, YOUNG STRENGTH.
IN THIS GENERATION, ONLY TWO ADEPTS HAVE BEEN BORN. MATT MURDOCK-- AND THE GIRL ELEKTRA. AND ALREADY THE GIRL HAS BEEN INFECTED WITH THE DARK WAYS. SHE COULD WELL END UP RECRUITED BY THE ENEMY...
...MATT MURDOCK MUST GET ONE MORE CHANCE! ONE MORE TEST!
THAT IS ENOUGH, STONE. NO MORE DISCUSSION. WE CAN'T LET OUR ORDER BE COMPROMISED.
THE BOY HAS FAILED. HE IS USELESS TO US.

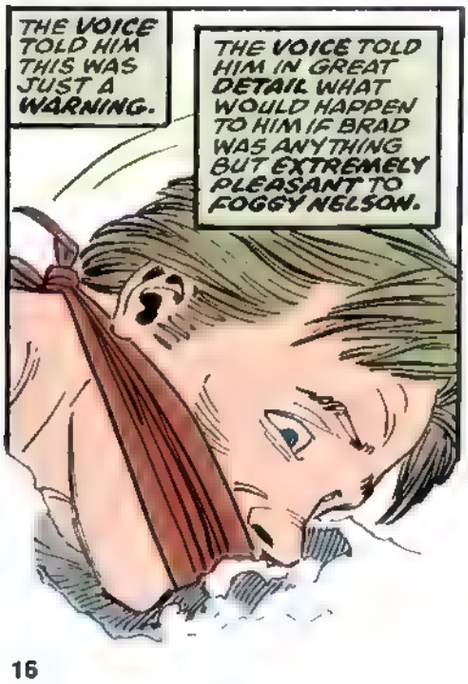

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, ONE YEAR LATER.
HONK HONK
HUFF HUFF
HONK
MOVE IT, FATSO!
HUFF
THIS IS FRANKLIN NELSON, FRESHMAN STUDENT OF LAW. HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM "FOGGY".
STEP IT UP, YOU TUB OF LARD!
HA HA HA HA
HONK
THESE BOYS ARE NOT HIS FRIENDS.
LATER, AT THE DORMITORY, FOGGY CONFERS WITH HIS ROOM-MATE...
IT WAS BRAD AGAIN, MATT.
...FELLOW FRESHMAN MATT MURDOCK.
I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING TO HIM!
I'M SURE YOU HAVEN'T, FOGGY.
I'M SURE THERE'S NO REASON FOR IT.
BULLIES NEVER NEED A REASON.

THE NEXT DAY.
BRAD JUST WON'T LET UP.
YOU BE CAREFUL WALKING BACK TO THE DORM TONIGHT, FAT BOY--


--NO TELLING WHAT COULD HAPPEN.
AW, LAY OFF, WILL YOU, BRAD?

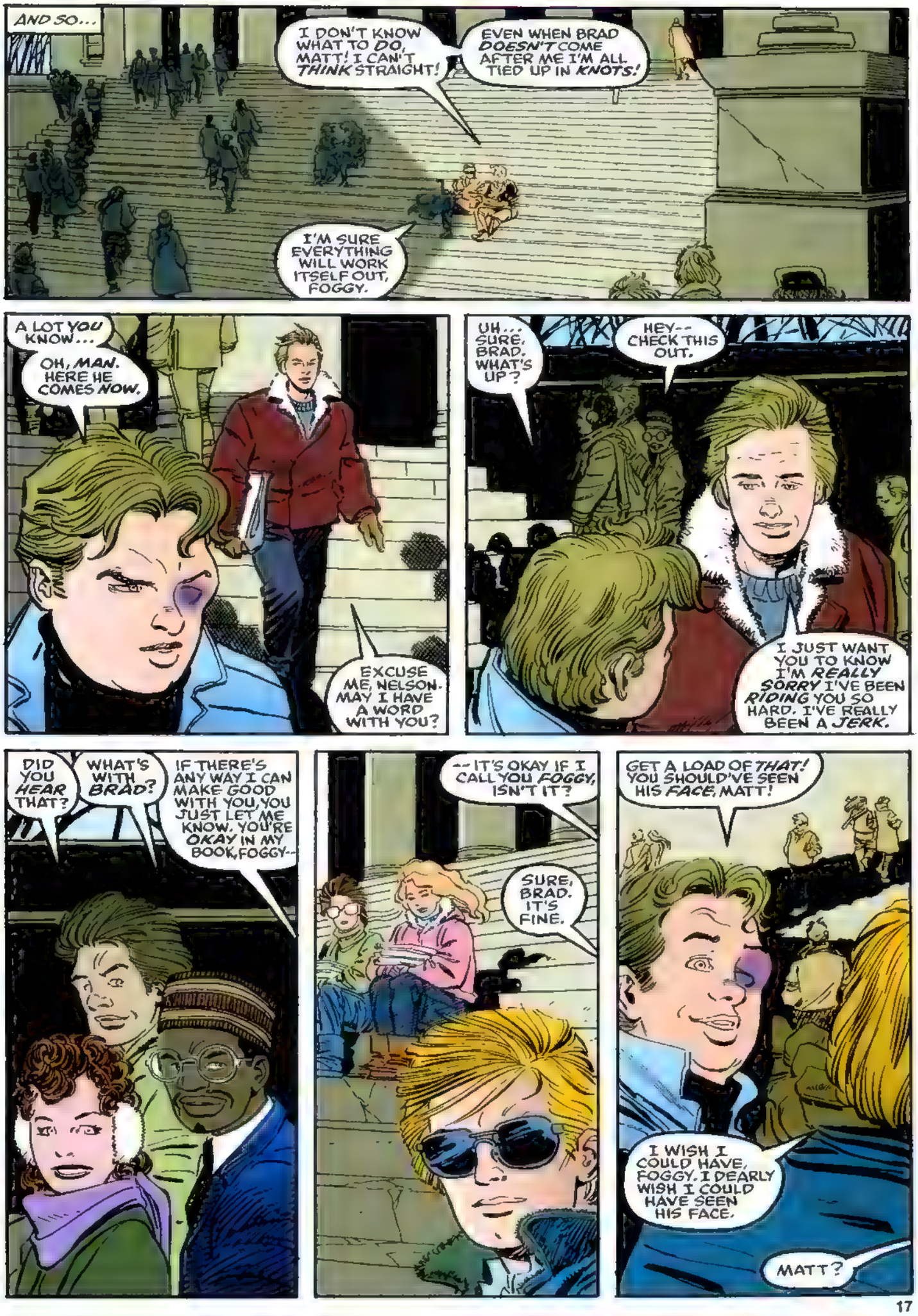
I'M NOT TAKING ANY ORDERS FROM ANY BLIMPS TODAY, NELSON.

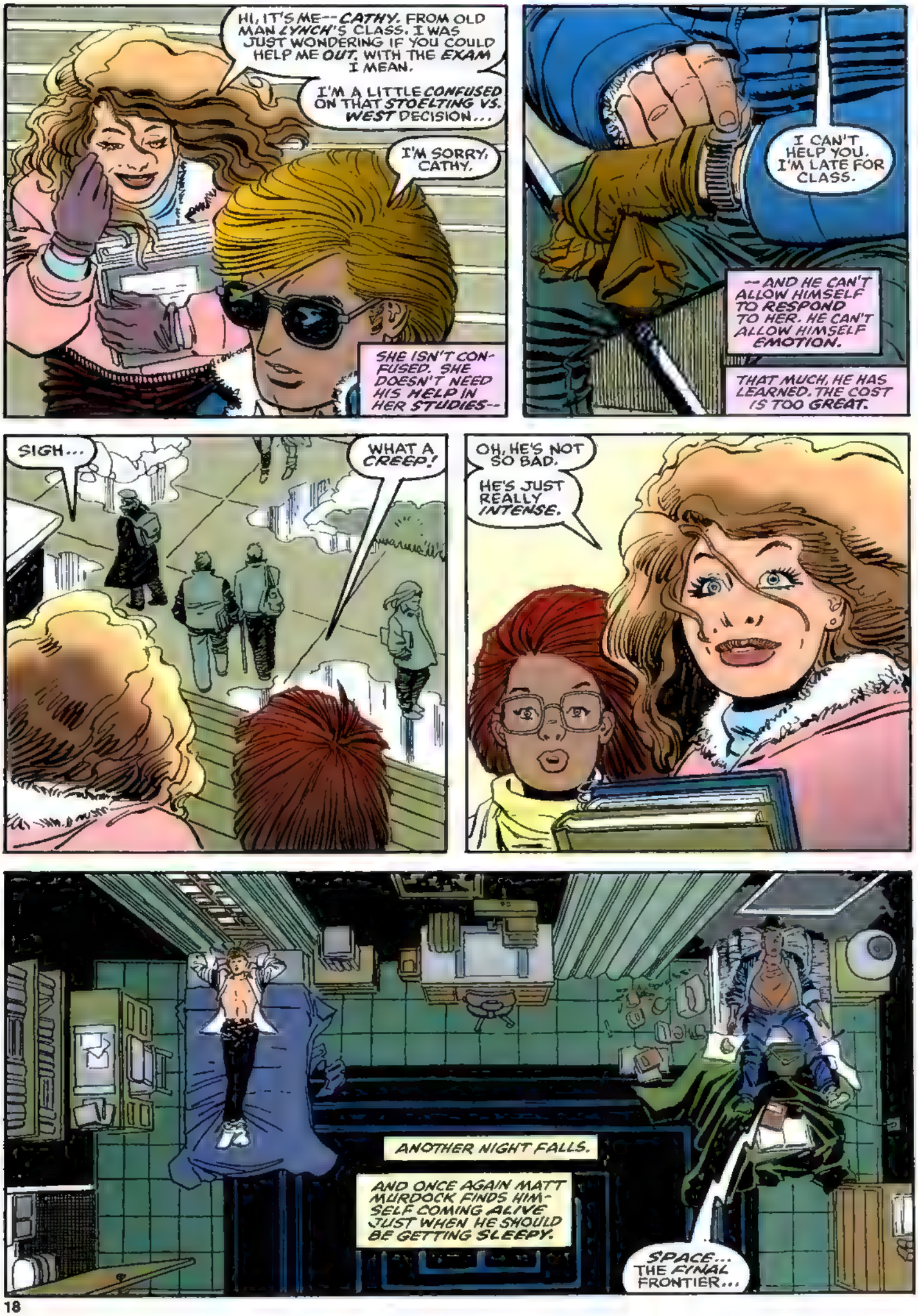

IT ISN'T UNTIL MORNING THAT ANYBODY HEARS THE MUFFLED SOBS.
BRAD'S HAD A LONG NIGHT TO THINK IT OVER, TO REMEMBER THE STRONG HANDS THAT LIFTED HIM FROM HIS BED LIKE HE WAS A DOLL--
--THAT CARRIED HIM ACROSS CAMPUS ROOFTOPS--
--THAT HELD HIM, BY THE ANKLE, DANGLING HIGH ABOVE CRUEL PAVEMENT...
BRAD'S HAD A LONG NIGHT TO REMEMBER THE HANDS -- AND THE VOICE.
THE VOICE CHILLED HIM MORE THAN THE WINTER COLD.

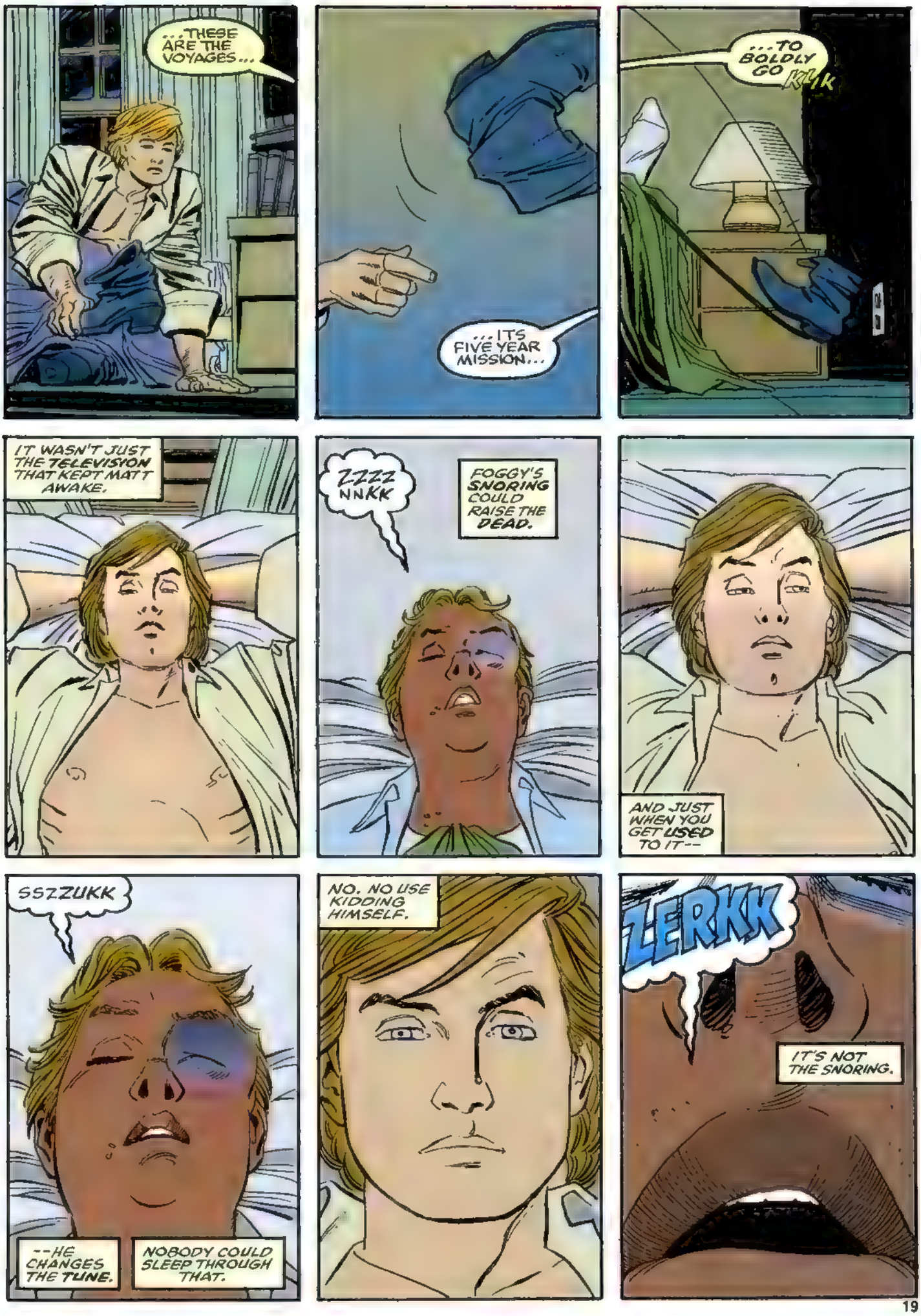

THE VOICE TOLD HIM THIS WAS JUST A WARNING.
THE VOICE TOLD HIM IN GREAT DETAIL WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO HIM IF BRAD WAS ANYTHING BUT EXTREMELY PLEASANT TO FOGGY NELSON.

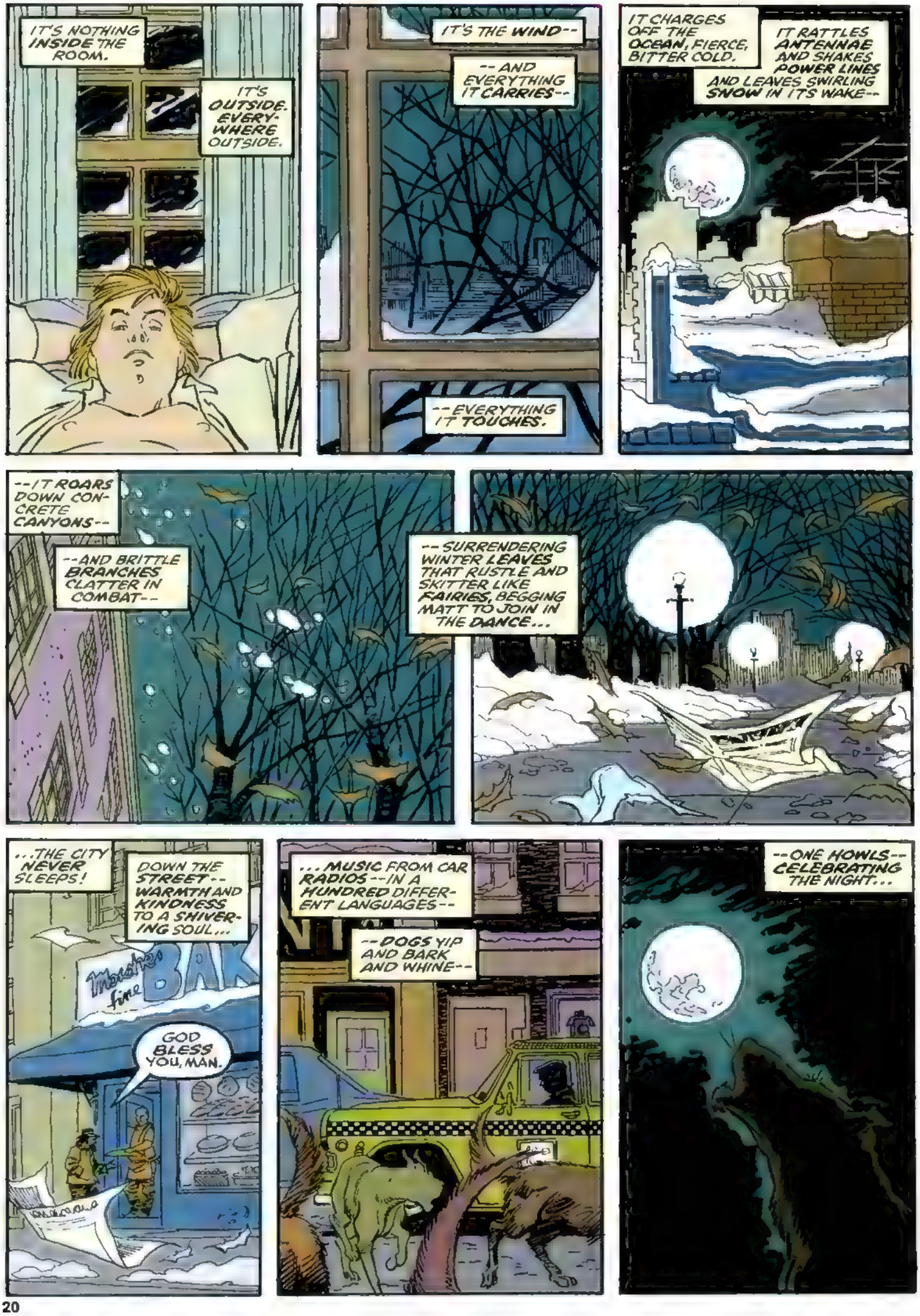
BY THE TIME THEY COME FOR HIM--
--BRAD IS A CHANGED MAN.

OR, AT LEAST--
--HE IS A BOY WHO HAS BEEN TAUGHT A STERN LESSON.


AND SO...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, MATT! I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT!
EVEN WHEN BRAD DOESN'T COME AFTER ME I'M ALL TIED UP IN KNOTS!
I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL WORK ITSELF OUT, FOGGY.
A LOT YOU KNOW...
OH, MAN. HERE HE COMES NOW.
EXCUSE ME, NELSON. MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?
UH... SURE, BRAD. WHAT'S UP?
HEY-- CHECK THIS OUT.
I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M REALLY SORRY I'VE BEEN RIDING YOU SO HARD. I'VE REALLY BEEN A JERK.
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
WHAT'S WITH BRAD?
IF THERE'S ANY WAY I CAN MAKE GOOD WITH YOU, YOU JUST LET ME KNOW. YOU'RE OKAY IN MY BOOK, FOGGY--
-- IT'S OKAY IF I CALL YOU FOGGY, ISN'T IT?
SURE, BRAD. IT'S FINE.
GET A LOAD OF THAT! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HIS FACE, MATT!
I WISH I COULD HAVE, FOGGY. I DEARLY WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN HIS FACE.
MATT?


HI, IT'S ME--CATHY, FROM OLD MAN LYNCH'S CLASS. I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD HELP ME OUT, WITH THE EXAM I MEAN.
I'M A LITTLE CONFUSED ON THAT STOELTING VS. WEST DECISION...
I'M SORRY, CATHY.
SHE ISN'T CONFUSED. SHE DOESN'T NEED HIS HELP IN HER STUDIES--
I CAN'T HELP YOU. I'M LATE FOR CLASS.
--AND HE CAN'T ALLOW HIMSELF TO RESPOND TO HER. HE CAN'T ALLOW HIMSELF EMOTION.
THAT MUCH, HE HAS LEARNED. THE COST IS TOO GREAT.
SIGH...
WHAT A CREEP!
OH, HE'S NOT SO BAD.
HE'S JUST REALLY INTENSE.
ANOTHER NIGHT FALLS.
AND ONCE AGAIN MATT MURDOCK FINDS HIMSELF COMING ALIVE JUST WHEN HE SHOULD BE GETTING SLEEPY.
SPACE... THE FINAL FRONTIER...


...THESE ARE THE VOYAGES...
...IT'S FIVE YEAR MISSION...
...TO BOLDLY GO KNK
IT WASN'T JUST THE TELEVISION THAT KEPT MATT AWAKE.
ZZZZ NNKK
FOGGY'S SNORING COULD RAISE THE DEAD.
AND JUST WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT--
SSZZUKK
--HE CHANGES THE TUNE.
NOBODY COULD SLEEP THROUGH THAT.
NO. NO USE KIDDING HIMSELF.
ZERKK
IT'S NOT THE SNORING.

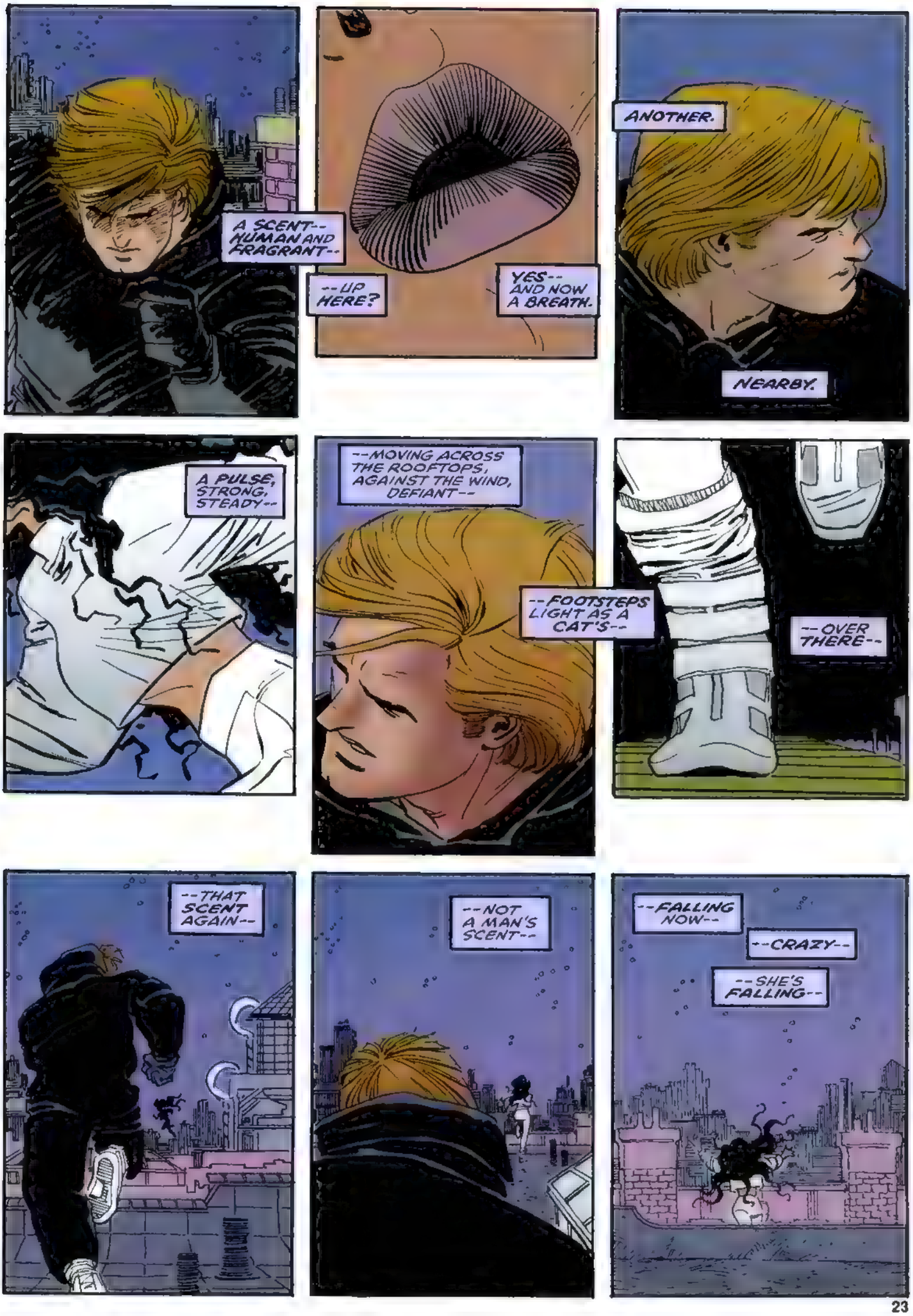

IT'S NOTHING INSIDE THE ROOM.
IT'S OUTSIDE. EVERY-WHERE OUTSIDE.
IT'S THE WIND--
--AND EVERYTHING IT CARRIES--
--EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES.
IT CHARGES OFF THE OCEAN, FIERCE, BITTER COLD.
IT RATTLES ANTENNAE AND SHAKES POWER LINES
AND LEAVES SWIRLING SNOW IN ITS WAKE--
--IT ROARS DOWN CON-CRETE CANYONS--
--AND BRITTLE BRANCHES CLATTER IN COMBAT--
--SURRENDERING WINTER LEAVES THAT RUSTLE AND SKITTER LIKE FAIRIES, BEGGING MATT TO JOIN IN THE DANCE...
...THE CITY NEVER SLEEPS!
DOWN THE STREET-- WARMTH AND KINDNESS TO A SHIVER-ING SOUL...
GOD BLESS YOU, MAN.
...MUSIC FROM CAR RADIOS --IN A HUNDRED DIFFER-ENT LANGUAGES--
--DOGS YIP AND BARK AND WHINE--
--ONE HOWLS-- CELEBRATING THE NIGHT...

--AND BEFORE HE CAN EVEN GIVE IT A THOUGHT--
--MATT JOINS THE CELEBRATION.

FUMP

KTANG
G

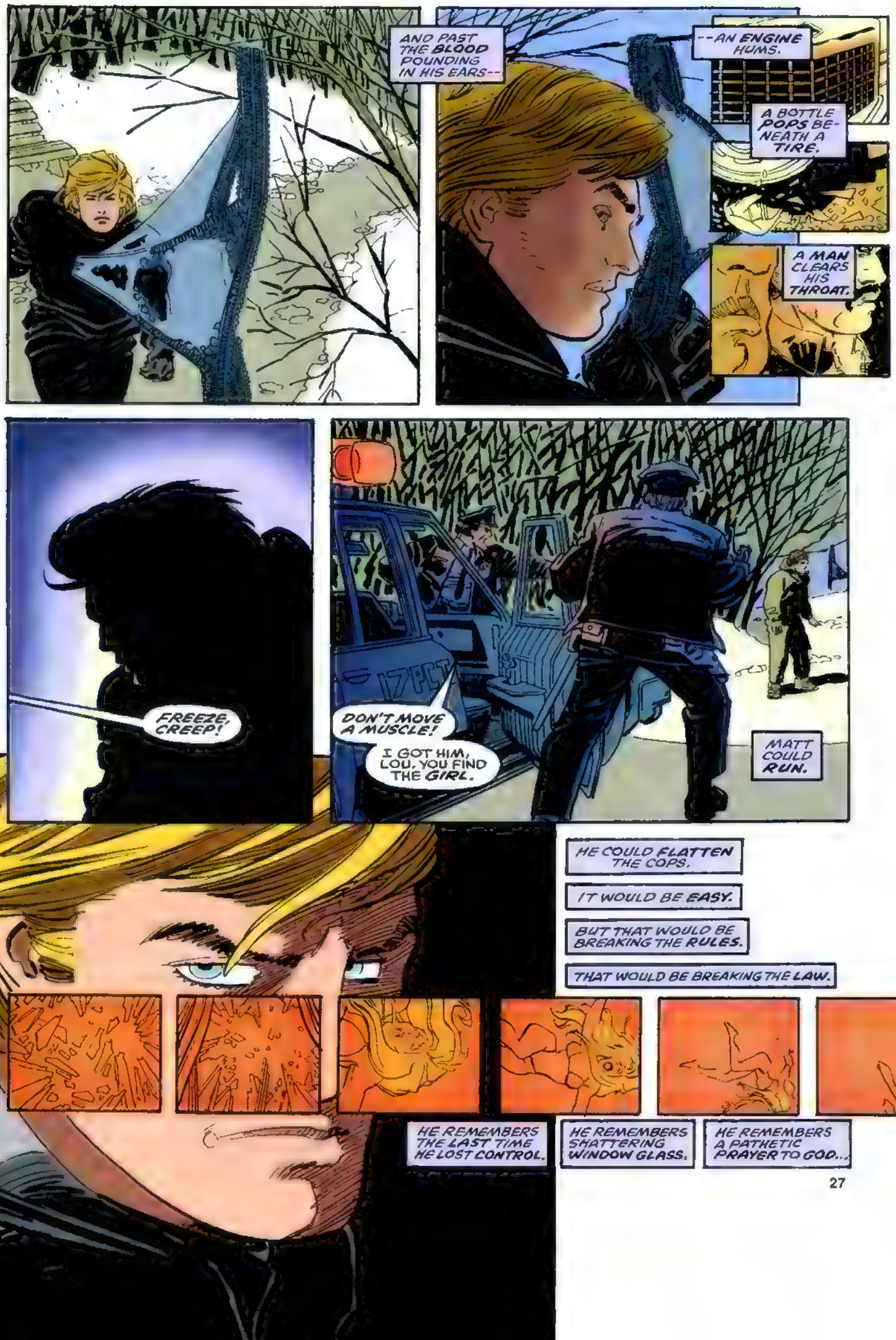
KAW
KAWW


A SCENT-- HUMAN AND FRAGRANT--
--UP HERE?
YES-- AND NOW A BREATH.
ANOTHER.
NEARBY.
A PULSE, STRONG, STEADY--
--MOVING ACROSS THE ROOFTOPS, AGAINST THE WIND, DEFIANT--
--FOOTSTEPS LIGHT AS A CAT'S--
--OVER THERE--
--THAT SCENT AGAIN--
--NOT A MAN'S SCENT--
--FALLING NOW--
--CRAZY--
--SHE'S FALLING--

--CRAZY. SHE'S CRAZY, WHOEVER SHE IS, JUMPING LIKE THAT.
AND HE'S JUST AS CRAZY TO FOLLOW HER.
BUT THAT SCENT OF HERS...
OOF!
WUMPP
IT IS A SCENT QUICKLY SMOTHERED BY THE DAY-OLD GARBAGE IN WHICH HE LANDS.
SUDDEN MOVEMENT AT HIS SIDE--
HISSS
--NOT HER.
HE'S LOST HER.
NO--FROM THE DISTANCE--SHE TOSSES HIM A SOFT CHUCKLE--
--DRAWING HIM TO HER--TAUNTING HIM--
ONE WAY
--SHE'S HEADING FOR THE PARK...

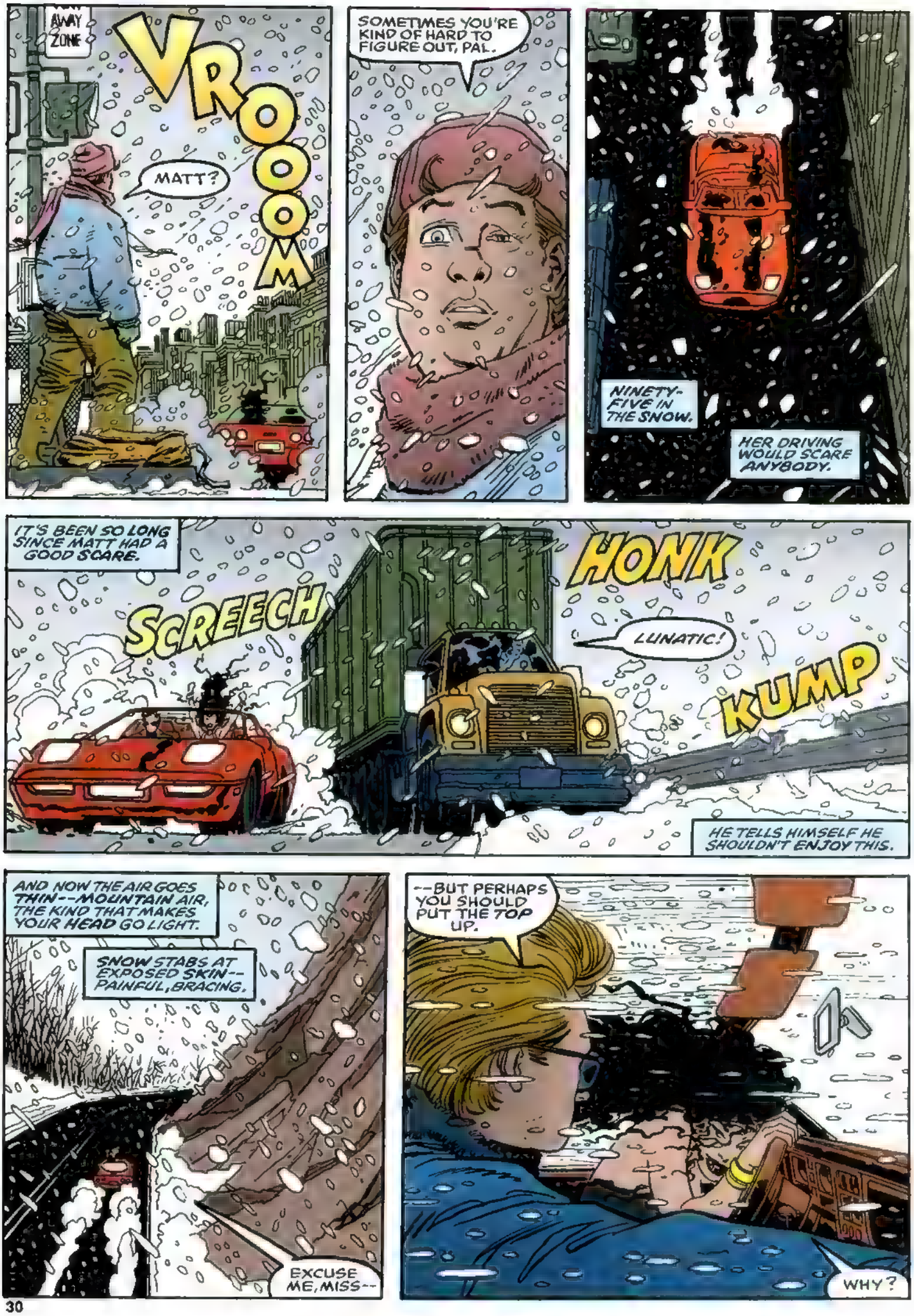
...HE LOCKS ON THE SCENT, THE TANTALIZING SOUNDS.
HE'LL CATCH HER AND FIND OUT WHO SHE IS--
HE CAN'T LOSE HER NOW.
--PROVIDED THIS BLIND MAN CAN CROSS THE STREET.
KEKK
SPLAT
OWW!
NFF

HELP!
SOMEBODY HELP!
AND NOW A BLOOD-CHILLING SCREAM--
--FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER CHUCKLE--
--AND HER SCENT--
--CLINGING TO RUBBER AND CLOTH.
A TRAIL.
QUITE A TRAIL.

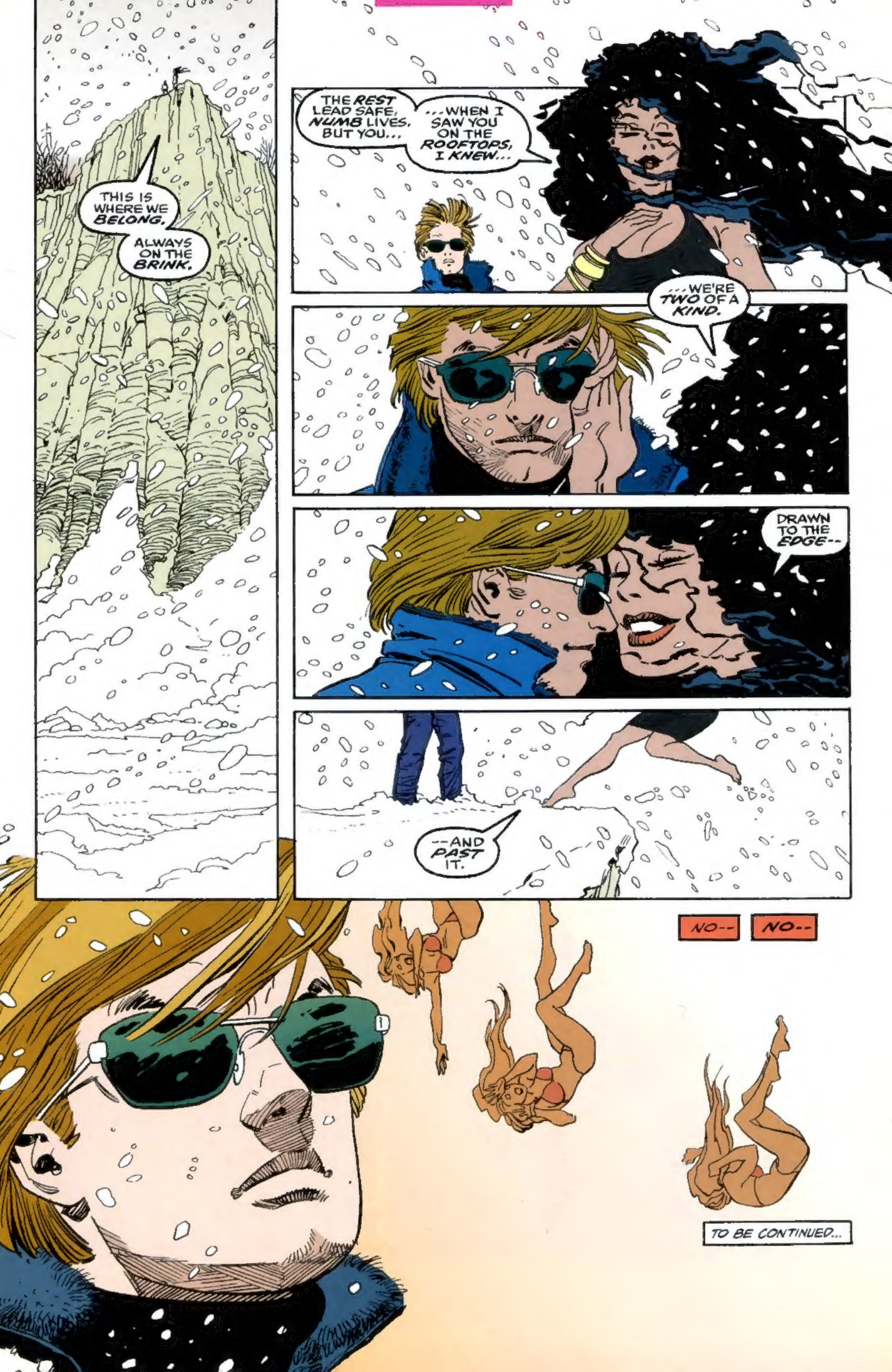

AND PAST THE BLOOD POUNDING IN HIS EARS--
--AN ENGINE HUMS.
A BOTTLE POPS BENEATH A TIRE.
A MAN CLEARS HIS THROAT.
FREEZE, CREEP!
DON'T MOVE A MUSCLE!
I GOT HIM, LOU. YOU FIND THE GIRL.
MATT COULD RUN.
HE COULD FLATTEN THE COPS.
IT WOULD BE EASY.
BUT THAT WOULD BE BREAKING THE RULES.
THAT WOULD BE BREAKING THE LAW.
HE REMEMBERS THE LAST TIME HE LOST CONTROL.
HE REMEMBERS SHATTERING WINDOW GLASS.
HE REMEMBERS A PATHETIC PRAYER TO GOD...

I'M ALL YOURS, OFFICER.
I DON'T GET IT, SOL.
THERE'S NO SIGN OF ANY GIRL!
SHE MUST'VE RUN OFF.
LET'S SEE SOME I.D., CREEP.
YES, SIR.
NOW HOLD ON. THIS IS REALLY WEIRD.
THIS HERE I.D. SAYS THE CREEP IS HANDI-CAPPED. BLIND.
MUST BE CRAZY, GOING TO THE PARK AT NIGHT.
YES, SIR. I GUESS THAT WAS PRETTY STUPID OF ME.
AND WHOEVER THAT WOMAN IS--
-- SHE ENJOYED EVERY SECOND OF IT.

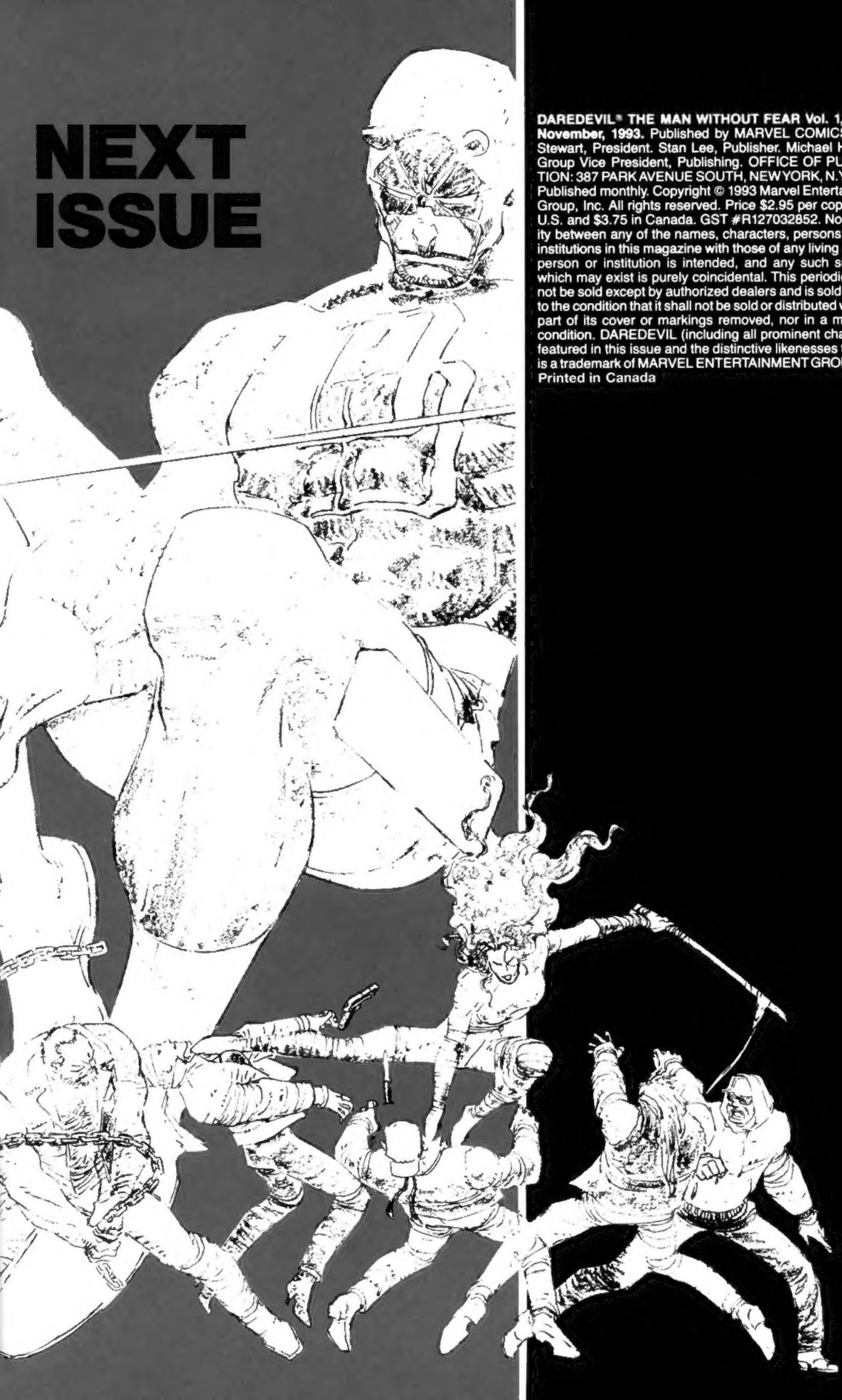
THE NEXT DAY. ON CAMPUS.
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DO IT, MATT. HERE I STUDY TILL I'M POOPED TO MAKE THE GRADE--
--AND YOU JUST SEEM TO BREEZE THROUGH!
MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE THAT TV ON WHEN YOU HIT THE BOOKS, FOGGY.
HEY, LET'S NOT GET RADICAL, BUDDY.
HOLD IT.
SCREEECH!
ONE WAY
ONE WAY
YIKES!
ELEC.
WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING ABOUT? YOU COULD HAVE HIT US!
MATT-- WHAT--
--WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!


AWAY ZONE
VROOOM
MATT?
SOMETIMES YOU'RE KIND OF HARD TO FIGURE OUT, PAL.
NINETY-FIVE IN THE SNOW.
HER DRIVING WOULD SCARE ANYBODY.
IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE MATT HAD A GOOD SCARE.
SCREECH
HONK
LUNATIC!
KUMP
HE TELLS HIMSELF HE SHOULDN'T ENJOY THIS.
AND NOW THE AIR GOES THIN--MOUNTAIN AIR, THE KIND THAT MAKES YOUR HEAD GO LIGHT.
SNOW STABS AT EXPOSED SKIN--PAINFUL, BRACING.
EXCUSE ME, MISS--
--BUT PERHAPS YOU SHOULD PUT THE TOP UP.
WHY?

SKAKK
SUDDEN LURCH--
--WILD SLALOM RIDE THROUGH CLUSTERED TREES--
--HEADLONG RUSH TOWARD CERTAIN DEATH--
--AN EXPERT SPINNING STOP.
MATT'S HEART IS POUNDING.
IT FEELS GREAT.
WE'RE CLOSE TO THE EDGE, MATT MURDOCK.
ONE STEP FROM THE END.


THIS IS WHERE WE BELONG.
ALWAYS ON THE BRINK.
THE REST LEAD SAFE, NUMB LIVES, BUT YOU...
...WHEN I SAW YOU ON THE ROOFTOPS, I KNEW...
...WE'RE TWO OF A KIND.
DRAWN TO THE EDGE--
--AND PAST IT.
NO--
NO--
TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE



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